

The Weekly Argus.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE ARGUS seeks to be a reliable paper
for the people and the family Democratic,
and bearing to discuss no issue wherein the people's
rights are at stake. Progressive, abreast of the
age, we shall always endeavor to keep our edi-
torial and local columns up to the day and
hour. Our circulation is rapidly increasing,
and we hope to soon have the largest circula-
tion of any paper in Eastern North Carolina.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

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of New York.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

A. E. STEVENSON,
of Illinois.

STATE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

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ELIAS CARR,
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FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR:

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of Alleghany.

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OCTAVIUS COKE,
of Wake.

For Treasurer:
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For Auditor:
R. M. FURMAN,
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For Superint'dt Public Instruction:
J. C. SCARBOROUGH,
of Johnston.

For Attorney-General:
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of Mecklenburg.

For Judge of the Twelfth District:
GEORGE A. SHUFORD.

For electors at large:
CHARLES B. AYCOCK,
ROBERT B. GLENN.

For Congress, Second District,
F. A. WOODARD,
of Wilson.

THE ASSAULT ON MANAGER FRICK

It is rank nonsense to speak of
the attempted murder of Manager
Frick as an injury to the cause of
the workingmen. The working-
men are no more responsible for
that crime than the Republican
party was responsible for the mur-
der of President Garfield. A
homicidal crank in each case under-
took to "remove" his victim, with-
out the connivance or aid of any
body else.

The man who assailed Manager
Frick last Saturday was not con-
nected in the remotest degree with
the Homestead quarrel. He is a
Russian anarchist, living in New
York, and only within a few years
a resident of the United States. If
the Homestead workingmen had
hired him to murder the manager
of the Carnegie works, they would
have been guilty of a crime as
atrocious as that committed by
Mr. Frick himself when he hired
Pinkerton's braves to shoot down
his employees; but they did noth-
ing of the sort. The blood-guilti-
ness thus far is confined to Man-
ager Frick, the Pinkerton Agency
and the Russian lunatic who per-
petrated last Saturday's crime.

This latest tragedy is a natural
outcome of the graver ones which
preceded it. When Mr. Frick en-
gaged the Pinkerton thugs and
sent them to Homestead armed and
equipped for battle, he knew that
bloodshed would surely follow, as
it did. He was the first to invoke
force in the struggle between
Labor and Capital. The State of
Pennsylvania was amply able and
ready to protect the property of
the Carnegie Company, as it is do-
ing to-day at a cost of millions of
dollars. Had it failed of that duty,

the Company could have recovered
full compensation for any loss sus-
tained by injury to its property or
enforced suspension of work.

Such legal and peaceable re-
course did not suit the haughty mag-
nate Frick. He felt that the op-
portunity had come for crushing
out the labor union. He had the
millions of a great corporation at
his back; the courts, the law-
officers, the army itself, of a mighty
Commonwealth stood ready to
support his lawful rights; but he
preferred appealing to private
force. Anarchist Bergman, with
his disordered logic, goes a step
further and constitutes himself a
higher tribunal.

The law will teach Mr. Bergman
to respect its prerogative; for Mr.
Frick, with rare courage and cool-
ness, prevented the infliction of
summary punishment on the would-
be assassin. The experience, let
us hope, may teach Mr. Frick the
injustice of asserting even just
claims by violent methods such as
those of the atrocious Pinkerton
guards.

Poor Cuba, called in uncer-
tain irony the "Ever Faithful
Isle," is again on the eve of revolt.
She has tried constitutional agita-
tion for nearly twenty years, but
Spain, whether monarchical or re-
publican, has been deaf to her
cries. The Tory still rules in
Spain, and it is nothing to him
that the last rebellion in his last
American possession cost 200,000
lives and \$700,000,000. Cuba is
still good for rich pickings, and the
mother country has plenty of hun-
gry patriots to gather them. In a
hundred years Cuba has known
but one honest victory, the Hispa-
no Irishman Prendergast. He
alone of all his class left
office poor. All the others have
regarded the Ireland of the An-
tilles as legitimate prey. If Cuba
is to appeal once more to arms
there will be international compli-
cations involving this country.

CONGRESS has at last lent an hon-
est ear to William McGarrahan,
and passed a bill allowing him to
sue in the courts for the vast and
valuable tract of land in California
which a mining company stole
from him, as he maintains, nearly
a generation ago. He has been
begging that simple act of justice
from Congress for over twenty-five
years past, and has grown old in
the long fight. He is a familiar
figure in the Capitol halls, as is
many another victim of hope de-
ferred. Capt. Reid the heroic
commander of the Armstrong priv-
ateer in the battle of Fayal,
sought compensation from the
Government for the loss of his
vessel, and died without getting
it, after half a century of vain wait-
ing. His son took up the claim
and finally succeeded in collecting
it two years ago—seventy-six years
after the fight which saved
New Orleans to America. To
add to the meanness of the Gov-
ernment in the latter case, the
money which it delayed turn-
ing over to the hero and his
son it had collected of Portugal
over forty years ago!

COWARDLY MILITIA OFFICERS.

When the pews of the attempted
assassination of Manager Frick, of
the Carnegie Works, reached the
camp of Company K, Seventh
Regiment, Pennsylvania Militia,
last Sunday, a foolish young priv-
ate, Thomas Iams, cried out for
three cheers for the man who shot
Frick.

Col. Streater overheard him,
promptly reprimanded him and
asked him to retract his words.
This he declined to do. Where-
upon Col. Streater ordered the re-
giment to assemble, and having an-
nounced Iams' offence, called him
out and cut the buttons off his uni-
form. He then summoned the
corporal of Company K, and gave
this order: "Take a guard and take
this man to the guard tent, ask the
surgeons to stand by, and string
this man up by his thumbs until
he can stand it no longer." Iams

turned deathly pale, but never
flinched, and arrived at the guard
tent, held out his thumbs himself
for a fellow-soldier to tie. Writes
an eye-witness:—

"A stout piece of twine was tied
tightly to each thumb and Iams
raised his arms while the corporal
drew the line over the tent pole.
The cord was pulled by three men
until Iams stood on tip toe and
then it was made fast. The sur-
geons took turns counting his
pulse beats. They had to stand on
a chair to do so. The young man's
face was deathly white, but his
eyes were brilliant with determina-
tion. His arms were rigid with
his weight and the muscles stood
out stiffly. The twine was cutting
into his flesh, but he pressed his
lips firmly together and did not
allow a moan to escape him."

After he had hung for some
minutes, he could no longer press
the ground with his toes. His
dead weight hung on the twine,
and his pulse rose to 120. Then
one of the surgeons said, "Let him
down". As a soldier cut the cords,
Iams fell insensible into the sur-
geon's arms. He had hung for
nineteen minutes.

Col. Streater's report of the
event was transmitted to General
Snowden. He read it carefully,
and thus endorsed it: "Dismiss
this man in disgrace from your
regiment and drum him out of
camp to-morrow morning."

Lest this third sentence for the
same offence might not sufficiently
demonstrate the scope of his au-
thority, he added—note that the
petty tyrant had not the courage to
write it—this verbal order: "Tell
Col. Hawkins to have the man's
head shaved on one side before he
is dismissed."

Both the additional sentences
were scrupulously carried out.
Iams' fellow-soldiers, obliged to
participate in punishing him,
looked at him with pitying eyes.
When the soldier, sick and suffer-
ing, was reduced to as dishonored
and ludicrous a plight as manhood
could well be brought to, he was
taken before Col. Hawkins, and an
Adjutant proceeded to read the re-
port which had been submitted to
Gen. Snowden and the orders
which the General had given.
Iams listened to it with an air of
indifference. When it was finished,
Col. Hawkins said to him:—

"My man, this has been an ex-
ceedingly painful duty for me to
perform, but I think the punish-
ment was just. You are now dis-
charged in disgrace from the serv-
ice. You will be escorted to the
limits of the camp. If you ever
dare to enter it again, you will be
summarily dealt with."

Then the regiment, played the
"Rogue's March", escorted Iams
to the railroad station. He was
put on board a freight train, and
his comrades returned to camp in
silence.

We must add that two punish-
ments more follow the four already
inflicted on Iams. He is deprived
for life of his franchise, and can
never hold any public office.

Iams committed a grievous of-
fence, but a court-martial should
have fixed his punishment.

Let us suppose for a moment that
Hugh O'Donnell instead of Man-
ager Frick had been the victim of
Bergman's pistol. Does any be-
lieve that in such case, if Iams had
called for three cheers for the man
who shot O'Donnell, he would
have incurred even a reprimand;
to say nothing of dismissal with
cruel and ignominious punish-
ments, which many officers say are
forbidden by the military code.

Streater and Snowden ought to
be court martialed. But if there
be any indifference in the pro-
visions of the military code through
which they can escape the conse-
quences of their cowardly acts,
then the code should be amended.

Snowden from the outset has
taken an attitude against the work-
ingmen which seems to justify the
prevailing sentiment, that he is
acting in the direct interest of the
Carnegie Company, and doing all
in his power to precipitate a con-
flict between the strikers and the
soldiers.

SUNDAY READING

Made Up of Divers Clipping

And on the dial write 'Beware of thieves!'
Felon of minutes, never taught to feel
The worth of treasures which thy fingers
steal
Pick my left pocket of the silver dime.
But spare the right—it holds my golden
time.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

One of the characters of holiness
is to be unexacting, uncomplaining.
Each complaint, even if it be just,
makes us descend a degree from
that height of virtue so difficult to
attain. To confide one's troubles
is not complaining; complaint nearly
always contains a little ill-hu-
mor and a slight feeling of re-
venge.—"Golden Sands."

"You are seeking your own will,
my daughter. You are seeking
some other good than the law you
are bound to obey. But how will
you find good? It is not a thing of
choice; it is a river that flows from
the foot of the Invisible Throne,
and flows by the path of obedi-
ence. I say again, man cannot
choose his duties. You may choose
not to have the sorrow they bring.
But you will go forth, and what
will you find, my daughter? Sor-
row without duty—bitter herbs
and no bread with them.—George
Eliot.

Our veiled and terrible guest,
trouble brings for us, if we will
accept it, the boon of fortitude,
patience, self-control, wisdom sym-
pathy, faith. If we reject that,
then we find in our hands the
other gift—cowardice, weakness,
insolation, despair. If your trouble
seems to have in it no other possi-
bility of good, at least set your-
self to bear it like a man. Let
none of its weight come on other
shoulders. Try to carry it so that
none shall even see it. Though
your heart be sad within, let cheer
go out from you to others. Meet
them with a kindly presence, con-
siderate words, helpful acts.—G.
S. Merriam.

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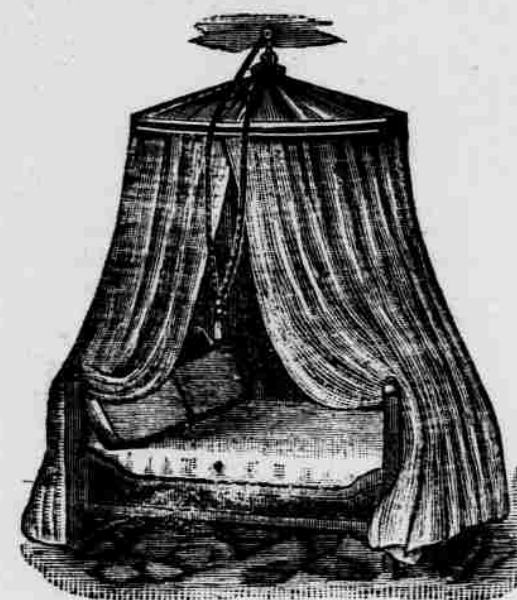
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